Too Late

by Rocketman1029

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Hey, This is a VERY short story based on a round of Source I played
on office, as a T. Tell me what you think

Ahmal gripped the barrel of his brand-new AK-47. He was in the top
level of a two-story office building, along with six of his comrades.
They had taken a group of hostages, and now an elite team of
counter-terrorists was inbound.
>A helicopter landed quietly, and their captain came on the radio.
"Spread out," he ordered. "Kill them all." Very nervous by now, Ahmal
ran from the room, following his closest friend. They came to a large
room, divided into smaller cubicles. Suddenly, Ben, as his friend was
called, dropped to the floor, his head a mushy pile of blood. Ahmal
went into near-shock, and almost missed the counter-operative that
came around the corner. A few rounds later, and the American was on
the floor as well
Ahmal ran over to the window the American had
entered from. He dropped down, rolled, and came to his feet looking.
He saw another counter-terrorist in the parking garage across the
courtyard, and pulled the trigger. He killed the enemy with the first
shot; he must have been seriously wounded.
>Ahmal paused to think. The radio chatter between his cell had died,
and that meant that he might be very much alone. Suddenly, much to
the terrorist's delight, his earpiece crackled to life.<p>

"This is Sidar," a voice said. "Who is still alive?" It was the
commander. Before Ahmal could say a word, another voice cut in.

>"I'm still alâ€¦" the words died as abruptly and in the same way as
their speaker: gunfire. "This is Ahmal, I'm still alive."<p>

"Good, Sidar replied. "I am guarding the hostages, hurry and join
me."

>"Ok," Ahmal replied, in a somewhat frightened voice. He quickly ran through the garage, trying not to look at the corpses on the ground. He got up the stairs into the building, and turned right. He ran right into a very surprised counter-terrorist, and held the trigger on his AK down. The rounds flew for the barrel, and snapped the man's head back. Blood exploded from the exit wound, providing a macabre redecoration of the walls.
At that instant, a blood-curdling scream passed through the upper story. Ahmal did not know who it was, and continued down the hallway. He rounded a corner, and saw the final enemy. Both fired at once. The counter-terrorist missed low and to the left, his bullet tearing through Ahmal's shoulder. The terrorist yelled in a mix of extreme pain and extreme adrenaline, his arm beginning to sag towards the ground. The gun had already done its job, though. The counter-terrorist fell slowly down, a hole in his forehead.

Ahmal dropped his rifle, as he could no longer carry it, and drew his pistol. He rushed into the room where Sidar had been. A body was draped across a chair, still leaking blod. Ahmal knew then that he was the only one left. His left arm slowly raised the trembling Glock sidearm to his temple. His finger twitched, and the firing pin shot forward. The primer on the round ignited, shoving the bullet down the barrel. At the instant that his skull cracked under the inexorable force of the bullet, he realized that he didn't want to die. But by then, it was too late.

Well, there she be, tell me what you think! Thanks a lot!

End
file.